

The Beta timeline  
by the last persona-user

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Summary: Paradox space is a mysterious place. But one thing about it is known across all the universes; its a little asshole. To propagate itself, it relies on the temporal paradoxes the universe creates. But today, with the ending of the Alpha timeline, it got hungry. So, it created a new one to feist on it. A BETA one! or maybe not (Rated M because language and gore)

### The Beta timeline

So a made this for the Homestuck anniversary but i kinda took to long and now forever and ever this story birthday will be officially 4/14.  
\*sigh\* Dammit

This is a universe swap! basically same kids but swapped situations.  
i'll get to that later

Disclaimer: I do not own homestuck nor i get any profit out of writting this story. Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie

Happy 4/13... or 4/14

\* \* \*

><p>A young lady stands in her bedroom. It just so happens that today, the 13th of April, 2016, is this young lady's birthday. Though it was thirteen years ago she was given life, it is today she will be given a name! She wears a shirt with the image of a Frightening Beast from a popular webcomic, a skirt and oval glasses<p>

What will the name of this young lady be?

Barnstench Fartface

Try again, smartass!

Jane Crocker

Your name is Jane. As was previously mentioned it is your BIRTHDAY. A number of CAKES THAT YOU BAKED EARLIER are scattered about your room. You have a variety of INTERESTS. Being the HEIRESS APPARENT TO A BAKED GOODS EMPIRE It should come as no surprise that you enjoy BAKING, but you also adore reading DETECTIVE STORIES. You fancy yourself an AMATEUR PRANKSTRESS and often times you dwell in the realms of BOTANY. You are also pleased to contemplate FRIGHTENING FAUNA, though saddened by their regrettable FAKENESS ATTRIBUTE.

In your door is hanging a poster promoting the BETA release of sburb, a game you been waiting for some time now. Covering your wall are several posters which you will examine later. Your CrockerCorp computer is sitting lonely in the corner of the room, accompanied only by your beautiful Sunflower. On your bed is resting a small detective plush

What will you do?

Jane: Quickly retrieve arms from drawer.

Your ARMS are in your CROCKERCORP BAKING CHEST, Fartface!

Remove CAKE from MAGIC CHEST.

You try to pick up the CAKE for her and put it on her BED but then you realize this is a fanfiction! You can't interact with the characters and their environment. Wait, are you going to imagine you are doing it anyways!? Suit yourself; Jane is going to do it herself

Jane: Remove CAKE from MAGIC CHEST.

You walk to your red baking chest. The CrockerCorp symbol is painted in white in the middle. You reach the delicious pastry and then you gently drop it on your bed

Jane: Quickly retrieve arms from chest.

You open the chest using your hands and then retrieve your FAKE ARMS from the chest. You use these for HILARIOUS ANTICS.

You CAPTCHALOGUE them in your SYLLADEX. You have no idea what that actually means though but a hand looking-seed appears from thin air and falls into your open palm. You also have no idea how it actually works

There are other items in the chest.

Jane: Examine contents of chest.

In here you keep your QUALITY PRANKING APPARATUS and a few other odds and ends. Each one a devastating weapon in the hands of CUNNING PRANKSTER but hey, you are making progress in that aspect

A picture of your poppop rests in the depth of your chest

"Oh! Hello Poppop!" You say. Man! You would have loved to meet him. Unfortunately his life was cut short at the tender age of 86 in a

tragic accident which your father doesn't tell you much. Poppop Crocker was a LEGENDARY COMEDIAN, following in the footsteps of his grandfather who of course was the greatest southern pranking legend of all time. One day, you hope to follow in poppop's too.

Among the APPARATUS are: TWO (2) FAKE ARMS [CURRENTLY CAPTCHALOGUED IN YOUR SYLLADEX], ONE (1) PAIR OF TRICK HANDCUFFS, ONE (1) STUNT SWORD, ONE (1) RED MAGICIAN'S HAT, ONE (1) PAIR OF BEAGLE PUSS GLASSES, SEVERAL (~) SMOKE PELLETS, SEVERAL (~) BLOOD CAPSULES, SEVERAL (~) FAKE MOUSTACHES, ONE (1) COPY OF COLONEL SASSACRE'S DAUNTING TEXT OF MAGICAL FRIVOLITY AND PRACTICAL JAPERY, ONE (1) COPY OF HARRY ANDERSON'S "WISE GUY", BY MIKE CAVENEY and ONE (1) BETTY CROCKER RECIPE BOOK.

Jane: Dump Chest

Might as well get all this crap out of here and take it with you. You never know when you might need it. A bunch of seeds fall in your hands which you then put in your pockets. Yes, the skirts haves pockets otherwise it would be impractical to use your FETCH MODUS

Jane: Examine fetch modus

She was right about to do that, sheesh! It's your GARDENER MODUS, a really handy inventory you bought a year before. The thing about this modus is that it transforms all your CAPCHALOGUE CARDS into seeds and to retrieve them you just have to put them on the ground and dip them, which is why you always have your GARDENER BELT close. The new modus was pretty expensive but you earned after the biggest bake sale you did to this date, even though you could afford it without working anyways. You hated your old Fibonacci heap modus

Jane: Equip fake arms

You aren't totally sure if "EQUIP" is a verb copasetic with the abstract behavioral medium in which you dwell and right now you are not feeling like wetting the floor to retrieve the fake arms

Jane: Get hat

You walk to the small library. There lies your FAVORITE HAT, which is also your ONLY HAT. You spent basically your ENTIRE CHILDHOOD in this hat, pretending to be a hardboiled detective. Besides it is a framed picture of a younger version of you inside the hat. So cute.

You captchatalogue your hat

Jane: Examine posters

Is a pinup of a glorious FOXWORTHY. This was a gift from your dad for 12th birthday. He thinks his corny redneck shtick is just the funniest thing since sliced bread, which was sliced by a hilarious clown with a laugh knife. Honestly, you don't care much for his comedy though. You just think he's really handsome. There is an empty spot on the wall next to it. So ugly! You've been meaning to hang another poster there soon. Actually as soon you get Harley's posters from the mail your room will never feel empty anymore.

Jane: Read note on drawer

Oh, this little thing? Is one of your DadÂ´s "fatherly notes" he leaves from time to time. It read:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DAUGHTER

I AM SO PROUD OF YOU

Oh, silly dad.

Besides the note is a ROLLED UP POSTER. Curiosity is killing you, but you have to wait to hang it to the wall to see its contents.

Jane: Acquire hammer and nails. They will come in handy.

You look for the aforementioned items resting besides your chest and captchatalogue them but suddenly a seed jumps out of your pocket and fall to the ground. That's one of the down sides of your modus: Once you hit the limit marked by the number of Captchatalogue cards you own then the seeds will start jumping out of your pockets in a random order. You looked several ways to exploit the Modus but you couldn't. You couldn't hold more items. Currently your limit is set to 13. This is the hand looking-seed meaning that you don't actually need it

In any case, you now feel like you have gathered enough things to get down to business and do some really important stuff. The next thing you do will probably be exceptionally meaningful.

Jane: Squeal like a piglet and fertilize some plants.

No matter how beckoning is the idea, it's also one of the dumbest ones you've had in weeks and you're not feeling like continuing the same old gag

Jane: Combine nails and hammer

Nope, can't do. This modus doesn't allow combining cards

Jane: Nail poster to wall

You grab a bowel you always keep nearby and your watering can which is in your Gardener belt. Just a single drop andâ€¦

The hammer and nails suddenly grow from the seeds with a sounded "pop". Looking back you didn't really need to captchatalogue them at all but oh well, who cares?

It's a glorious PROBLEM SLEUTH poster, featuring the last panel of the story which ended some days ago. This is exactly what you wanted! The old man really came through this time.

You secure the Gardener belt to your waist. You fell like a proper and professional gardener.

Jane: Be the proper and professional gardener

You are the proper and professional gardener. It's you

Jane: Examine wall besides bed

There is another Sleuth poster of course, with two of your favorite dames ever. But besides that the wall is pure blank. You hope you don't have to wait much before the poster arrive in the mail

Jane: Check calendar

You've marked your birthday, the 13th of April. You also marked the day the BETA was supposed to arrive, which was 3 days earlier. Wait; there is something wrong with this picture. This calendar is from 2009, not 2016. As Jane briefly wonders why the calendar should be from year 2016 I profusely apologize for making such a silly mistake with the date. Nevertheless, I'm too lazy, so I'm just going to leave it like that

Jane: Eat cake

Well, you suppose a little slice wouldn't harmâ€¦ No! You are saving those for later!

You hear a notice from your COMPUTER. Someone is messaging you.

Jane: Open pestechum

You pull up to your COMPUTER. You decorated your desktop with some rather handsome WALLPAPER of your favorite trio monstrified. You ignore the urge to open your web browser Hemera to check if the author of PS is going to do PS2. Instead, you open pesterchum 6.0 to check on your chums

Jane: Open message

\*\*golgothasTerror [GT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG] at 16:13  
\*\*

\*\*GT: Jane! \*\*

\*\*GT: Forgive my botherations. I know this is meant to be a spanking ripsnorter of a day for you being your birthday and all\*\*

\*\*GT: But do you happen to know where the devil fucking dickens mr strider might be? \*\*

\*\*GG: I haven't heard a single thing about him today, sorry. He's an elusive guy. You know that. \*\*

\*\*GG: I talked to him yesterday. That's as much help as I can be!  
\*\*

\*\*GT: Shoot. \*\*

\*\*GT: I really need to ask him something but he's been idle all darn day\*\*

\*\*GG: What do you need with him? \*\*

\*\*GG: Does this have to do with your crazy pen pal project? \*\*

\*\*GT: It most certainly does and time is of the essence! \*\*

\*\*GT: Today is the day i have to finish it and send it to you. Not a day later! \*\*

\*\*GT: So you see why i am feeling really friggin discombobulated at the moment.\*\*

\*\*GG: I still don't understand why today. I won't receive in another month or so\*\*

\*\*GG: Still, this birthday present you are giving me... with your grandmother? Is so sweet of your part\*\*

\*\*GT: Not a problem Jane! This will be the best joint gift to you from she and i. \*\*

\*\*GG: Her and me. \*\*

\*\*GT: What? Who and you now? \*\*

\*\*GG: "A joint gift from her and me." Grammar, J! \*\*

\*\*GT: Oh for frigs flipping sake jane this is no time for your prudish pedantry! Leave your bookish malarkey in a dusty old library somewhere. I have an adventure to get on with! \*\*

\*\*GG: So if I have this straight, the big thing hogging up your plate today is not this marvelous new game which I have invited you to play with me, but finishing a robotic rabbit that you will send to me today and I will receive months later?\*\*

\*\*GT: Bingo. \*double pistols and a wink\* \*\*

\*\*GG: You are a very strange and silly boy. \*\*

\*\*GT: Please Jane we have addressed this. \*\*

\*\*GT: I am supposed to send this back in time, so you will receive it today! \*\*

\*\*GT: Or... \*\*

\*\*GT: Something like that. Something funny is going on here that i have not fully grappled yet but dag nab it if im not gonna see it through. \*\*

\*\*GG: Well, \*\*

\*\*GG: Godspeed, then! I do hope you can pull it off. \*\*

\*\*GT: Are you being fresh with me now? \*\*

\*\*GG: No! \*\*

\*\*GT: Look jane i know youve never believed me and you think everything i say is some big cockamamie goofoff but i think today of all days is when you should start taking some things more seriously. \*\*

\*\*GT: Especially since i have always had your back. I have always believed in you! \*\*

\*\*GG: Hey! I have believed in you too. \*\*

\*\*GG: However, believing somebody isn't the same thing as believing IN somebody. \*\*

\*\*GG: But that much said... \*\*

\*\*GG: I think that maybe I am getting ready to believe some of the wild stories I've heard? \*\*

\*\*GG: Or, if not believe outright, reserve judgment on, at least. \*\*

\*\*GT: Is that so! \*\*

\*\*GG: I don't know! \*\*

\*\*GT: Well, it doesn't matter. But i been meaning to speak you of something\*\*

\*\*GT: I had a really peculiar dream last night. \*\*

\*\*GT: And you were in it. \*\*

\*\*GT: Hoo Hoo! Oh my, Mr. English, you are making me blush! \*\*

\*\*GT: Eh, not like that. \*\*

\*\*GT: It felt strangely real. i was dreaming of golden towers, a big cyan sky over me and a black horizon around. i don't really know what to make of it. Whether it was a vision of the future, or somewhere that exists now, or if it was just a really lucid dream \*\*

\*\*GG: What was i doing there? \*\*

\*\*GT: Um... \*\*

\*\*GT: Not a heck of a lot I can say! \*\*

\*\*GT: I really want to tell you all about it, but it will take some time to explain, and we both have matters to be solved in our hands \*\*

\*\*GT: Oh you must forgive me. this is your birthday and I am here, pestering you about my problems. Have you received any of our gifts?\*\*

\*\*GG: No.\*\*

\*\*GG: Actually how are YOU going to get the game?\*\*

\*\*GT: Strider already stated there would be shenanigans involved. so i'm not quite sure whenever be assured or preoccupied. nevertheless, if he is set to do it, I will receive the mentioned game.\*\*

\*\*GT: You should check your mail. maybe because of speaking with me you didn't notice your game it's already there.\*\*

\*\*GG: Alright.\*\*

Jane: Look out window

You hop off the chair and run to your window

You see the view of your yard

Hanging from the tree is your TIRE SWING. In a kid's yard, a tree without a tire swing is like a proper lady without a fan. That is to say, SHE CAN HARDLY BE CONSIDERED A TERRIBLY PROPER LADY AT ALL.

And there beside your driveway is the mailbox.

The red swingy flappy lever arm thingamabob or whatever it's called is up!

The time to retrieve your loot is coming closer

Jane: Go outside and check mailbox

You are about to hurry down stairs when you hear a car pull into the driveway. It looks like your DAD has returned from the grocery store.

Oh great. He is beating you to the mail.

If you go down stairs to get it, he will likely monopolize hours of your time. You decide to chill out up here for a while until the dust settles.

You love your dad but sometimes he can be a little too overbearing

Oh right, GT is still pestering you. But you are a little bothered because of the game so he can wait you suppose

Go check your detective plush. It always calms you down

You grab your small plush. It has black skin, white eyes and a stripped blue detective outfit. You give him a small hug. Every time you touch it a sudden wave of relief washes over you. As if your worries were DESTROYED with a hammer. You captchalogue it and the hand cuff-like seed jumps out of your pocket.

You water the cuff-seed and then throw the actual hand cuffs to your chest. Nailed it!

Jane: Answer chum

\*\*GT: Did it arrive?\*\*

\*\*GT: For god's sakes please say yes.\*\*

\*\*GT: TG will not stop pestering until i play it and she very well knows I can't!\*\*

\*\*GG: Yes, it arrived, but my Dad beat me to it.\*\*

\*\*GT: Darn it! jane, please unshackle me from her pestering!\*\*

\*\*GG: Hoo Hoo Hoo!\*\*

\*\*GG: I guess i have to go get it from him but the moment he sees me I won't be able to scamper away.\*\*

\*\*GT: Jane, please tell me you at least allocated your strife specibus.\*\*

\*\*GG: â€|No.\*\*

\*\*GT: JANE! \*sighs and pinches nose\*\*\*

\*\*GT: Do you have anything that might resemble a weapon?\*\*

\*\*GG: Wellâ€| I know! Wait a second while I go to fetch it.\*\*

You hurriedly ran to her bed. Beneath it lays the box the company sent you for your birthday. It's the prototype of the JUNIOR BATTERMASTER'S BOWLUSTER STIRRING SOLUTION 20000! It's a vibrating spoon and has a thousand recipes stored in it, and walks you through each step with a soothing female robot voice, just like in science fiction. Of course, this is just the prototype so you been warned that it could several bugs.

Jane: Allocate spoonkind Abstratus

Your Blank STRIFE SPECIBUS is right there. Maybe if you can just...

Just sort of reach over...

And...

You check the back of your STRIFE SPECIBUS which shows the KIND ABSTRACTA before selecting the KIND ABSTRATUS you have in mind for it.

Your STRIFE SPECIBUS has been ALLOCATED with the SPOONKIND ABSTRATUS.

Jane: Report progress to GT.

\*\*GG: There, I did it.\*\*

\*\*GT: And? Which abstratus did you chose?\*\*

\*\*GG: Spoonkind.\*\*

\*\*GT: Spoonkind?\*\*

\*\*GG: Yes, I just said I allocated with spoonkind\*\*

\*\*GT: â€| \*\*

\*\*GG: â€| \*\*

\*\*GT: You do realize is absurd to start a strife with a spoon, right?\*\*

\*\*GG: Of course it's not!\*\*

\*\*GT: Jane, forgive me for being awfully honest, but it is\*\*

\*\*GG: Well, too bad because I wouldn't have it any other way\*\*

\*\*GT: Well, We both have matter to attend to. Let us reconvene later and sort out all this shit at a leisurely pace.\*\*

\*\*GG: Get back here Harley!\*\*

\*\*GT: Good luck to you jane! Bye\*\*

\*\*golgothaTerror [GT] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]\*\*

\*\*GG: Yes, ok, good luck to you too Jake!\*\*

Jane: Examine GameGrl Magazine

Is a magazine of the popular (but full of shit) GameGrl, featuring an article about Sburb. In the front and below the title is the green Sburb logo and besides it a small introduction.

Why the "Game of the year" or whatever isn't as good as some other stuff I like that's better.

It's written with in a horrible syntax and abuses gamer slang

Jane: Captchatalogue GameGrl

It might come in handy if you ever need something that burns easily. The stunt sword seed jumps out and falls in the table. You decide is better to leave it alone there

Jane: Prepare to retrieve mail

You scamper over to the door, but pause a second to think. Your dad has the Beta and must be in the kitchen preparing another delightful pastry. Hopefully he's still preoccupied so you can sneak out. You also hope he didn't notice the mail

But it doesn't hurt to be prepared for an encounter. Luckily, that is exactly what you are.

Jane: Don clever disguise

You retrieve your favorite hat and one of your fake moustaches

Jane? Who is this "Jane" you speak of? Could it be none other than INSPECTOR JACQUES CLOUSEAU? Mr. Clouseau, what are you doing in this household? You are not a character of this story! In any case, can I bake you a cake? Wait, I don't know how to bake one. Will cookies suffice? Well, don't mind me. Please make yourself comfortable while I go about my business as a shitty writer

But wait, perhaps that is not so much the distinguished Inspector Clouseau as it is...

You exchange your thick moustache for the curly one

THE WORLD RENOWNED INVESTIGATOR HERCULE POIROT, BECAUSE THE LITTLE

CURLY MUSTACHE IS A LOT CUTER.

The great Poirot, in THIS house? Such an honor. I will set the kettle to boil straightaway. Who would have guessed this home would be so heavily trafficked by famous French detectives at this time of day?

Yeah, this is a really shitty disguise.

Jane: Exit

You make a cautious motion toward a beckoning EXIT KNOB when and ending line finishes this chapter!

\* \* \*

><p>I don't really know if doing this is legal or something but whateves. (No, really if i get a legal notice about it i'm closing it)<p>

End  
file.